

# "PERCEI NOT I," SAYS LILLIAN.

Miss Russell Says She Wouldn't Marry for a Million.

WONT SUPPORT HUSBAND

"Perugini Is in Europe to Stay, and I am Happy Where I Am," Says She.

THE ASPINWALL LETTERS.

"Why, I'd Just as Soon Any One Would Read Them—I am Not Foolish."

THE SINGER HINTS AT A PLOT.

Says the Gay Lloyd Was Angry at Her Because She Refused to Loan Him \$1,000—"He Pestered Me, Bored Me."

"I'm here, eyebrows lifting in surprise. 'Get a divorce! Why! (vehemently) I haven't even thought of such a thing; what's more (very emphatically), I wouldn't get married for a million!'"

As Lillian Russell thus advanced over a gamut of emotion, from positive calmness, through comparative excitement, to superlative vehemence, a flush spread over her face that added very greatly to her beauty. Almost in rage, it seemed—pretty rage, too—she rose, stamped on the soft carpet, and then—controlled herself.

"Oh, what is the use of being vexed," she said, sinking into a luxuriant divan chair, calmed instantly. "Really, I am getting used to these reports, you know. When the theatres are closed and the weather is hot, some one starts a yarn about me, and I have either to keep on explaining or go away. I knew it was due when all but the Casino closed, but no one was more surprised than I when I found that I had gone off to that lonely place in Dakota to be bothered with horrid love affairs."

No Reason to Marry.

"No, indeed! I am just as happy as I can be right here. I have not yet gone in the country, as people call it, but I shall start for the Adirondacks tomorrow."

Miss Russell's reason for contentment was plain enough. She was seated in front of a bay window on the seventh floor of the Arlston, at Broadway and Fifty-fifth street, under a huge palm, whose graceful branches reached up and curved over her almost from the ceiling. On the other side were pots of ferns, and as many flowers were scattered about the lower-like room, in pretty vases, as if the comic opera queen had just received an ovation at a first night.

One could easily fancy the diva the Grand Duchess of Geroldstein herself, with the dainty toilet morning gown, the dainty lace fluttering around her smooth neck and plump wrists, while a bunch of fragrant American Beauties nestled upon her bosom. "Love affairs? Not I, I assure you," and then she smiled and slipped at an ice. "Why, I live a perfectly husbandless life. Let me tell you how I pass the days, and then see if it's not all just silly, silly gossip."

Side early on my wheel every day and then sing for my teacher, preparing for next season. I don't know what I shall get married for. My last husband was a good one and I have great expectations for the next. I think hard times will be over by then. The trio combination will surely be a winner, and honestly I don't care to support a husband on the profits.

Why She Married Perugini.

"When I married Perugini I was almost in despair from the attacks made on me. I was a target for everybody. I wanted a man's hat and stick in the hat rack of my vestibule. I wanted some one to protect me. But you may say positively this time that I don't want a divorce and that I don't want to get married. Mr. Chatterton is in Europe to stay, I understand, and I have nothing in the world to bother me."

"I went to the Brighton races on Saturday, as the Journal truly said, just to have people know I was not in Dakota or any of those places where tied up people go to have themselves cut loose from each other, and"—exhilarated—"I was well rewarded, for I had \$100 on Michael Hill, \$100 on Demagogue. I was having famous fun when the rain came down in buckets full and we all fled."

Miss Russell's laugh over the incident was hearty. She really enjoyed the recollection. It seemed harsh to ask her about such unpleasant things as letters—love letters.

She sat musing, smiling, twirling a large ring on one of her fingers, a blue turquoise encircled with diamonds. She picked up a tiny leaf of maiden-hair fern, raised a pair of pretty slippers to a cushioned tabourette and as if she had never had an experience in all her life.

"How about the Aspinwall letters?"

Miss Russell, was on her feet in a second. "Aspinwall? He almost choked me when her lips compressed. 'That's another of those stories that bob up in midsummer and disappear as fast as bubbles.'"

But there were more in it than the others, I can tell you. No, not in the way you think. I believe it is an attempt to touch every nerve you have. I don't want to make me worry. But neither will I happen. I can assure you.

Only Ten in All.

"All told I do not believe there were more than ten letters. I wrote them to Mr. Lloyd Aspinwall and signed my name in full to every one. Do you think I am a fool to write love letters to a man I scarcely know? And do people sign their full name to every love letter they write? Of course I don't know much about it, but I don't. Mr. Aspinwall did not belong to my set, and to tell the truth and speak frankly, he bored me."

"Yes, they are destroyed, and no matter what I may say, gossip will roll it as a sweet morsel under their tongues, and with much of raising and head shaking will make them ardent enough to burn holes in any kind of old paper."

But they were not of the kind. Mr. Aspinwall pestered me, among others that haunted the Casino in those days, and I was busy writing thanks for trifling presents and, well, others not so very trifling. I would be perfectly willing to have any one read the letters I wrote to Mr. Aspinwall."

Mr. Aspinwall was a married man then, and I knew it, and I am not a bit foolish in my letter writing."

When the boarding-house keeper found the mysterious Aspinwall boxes, as she said in her cellar, mine were evidently the only ones she could trace without the slightest difficulty, and she wrote to me.

"She did not say a word about my letters to Aspinwall. She said she was an old friend of my father's, and had some thing of importance for me."

"I supposed she wanted money. I sent my brother-in-law, Mr. Ross, down to see her, and to make a long story short, Aspinwall was said to have been short in his board bill, and the boarding-house keeper

## LILLIAN RUSSELL TALKS OF MATRIMONY, OF HUSBANDS AND ADMIRERS.



When I married Perugini, I wanted a man's hat and stick in my vestibule.

Am I going to get a divorce? I haven't thought of it. I wouldn't get married for a million.

I would be perfectly willing to have any one read the letters I wrote to Mr. Aspinwall.

Mr. Aspinwall did not belong to my set, and, to tell the truth, he bored me.

## BIKING TROOPERS IN SAND AND SUN.

They Did Their 1,900 Miles, Though, in Forty Days.

ROADS SIMPLY AWFUL.

Gumbo Mud, Prickly Pears, Grit to the Hub and No Water Their Portion.

St. Louis, July 25.—The Twenty-fifth United States Infantry Bicycle Corps,



## ATTACK ON WARSZAWIAK.

Rev. Dr. A. F. Schaeffer, Editor of the Tract Society's Monthly, Handles Him Without Gloves.

In the current number of the monthly publication of the New York City Mission and Tract Society, of which the Rev. Dr. A. F. Schaeffer is editor, there appears the following comment on Herman Warszwawik, formerly missionary of that organization among the Hebrews, whose troubles lately have been the subject of scandal in Dr. Hall's Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church.

"In our issue of April we promised to give to the public the details bearing on the immoral conduct of Herman Warszwawik, formerly in the employ of the New York City Mission, but lately doing an independent work among the Jews. He has been on trial before the session of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church for more than two months. The result is that he has been convicted and has been suspended from the church. As the daily press has published these facts somewhat in detail, we do not feel called upon to say anything more. This is now the fifth time that the man has been before a judicial body of one kind or another, on charges of untruthfulness or immorality, and four times the verdict has been against him. The only time when the verdict was in his favor was when he was tried by a committee of the American Mission to the Jews, whose employ he was at that time, and whose members were his friends and relatives."

"The specific charge before the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church Session against Warszwawik was that of frequenting a gambling place for the purpose of gambling. Bearing upon this is the question of the source from which has come the money with which Warszwawik carried on his gambling operations. He has always claimed that he was without means of his own. He has received large sums of money for building Christ's Synagogue. None of this money has been used for the purpose for which he received it."

"Warszwawik will no doubt still continue to complain that he is persecuted; that he has been unjustly treated; that he is the victim of personal and private animosity. If there are those who are willing to give credence to such statements it is to be hoped that to them, at least, Warszwawik will state what money has come into his possession and what has become of it."

X Rays Find a Needle.

Mrs. Frieda Zeuker was washing at her home, No. 2386 Eighth avenue, on Saturday afternoon, when a needle in a dress of her little daughter was jabbed under her right thumb nail. The woman attempted to extract the needle when it broke, leaving a piece in the thumb. This piece worked its way to the ball of her thumb, making a very painful wound. She paid no attention to this, however, until her finger began to swell, then she applied some lotion. This did no good, and yesterday morning she went to the Manhattan Hospital. The rays were decided upon as the most effective means of locating the piece of needle. It was soon located and extracted.

which reached this city last night, completing their 2,000-mile ride from Fort Missoula, Mont., in forty days, thirty-five of which were actually spent on the road, are encamped at Forest Park. Lieutenant J. A. Moss and Surgeon J. M. Kennedy will be entertained by prominent citizens, while the troopers, who are colored men, are the guests of local bicycle clubs.

The bicycle corps left Fort Missoula June 14, twenty-three in number. During the trip one of the men was returned to Fort Missoula on account of not being able to keep up.

Over the Mountains.

The first twelve days of the trip were rainy and disagreeable, but good time was made, nevertheless. It was during these days that the main divide of the mountains was crossed as well as the greater part of Montana. While crossing the Crow Indian reservation the corps was stuck in the gumbo mud much of the time. All the way across Wyoming rain hampered the progress of the company, and many hardships arose from lack of good water. In the southwestern corner of South Dakota the sandy roads were awful and the prairie beside the road was a field of prickly pears, making travel on the wheels very tiresome work.

As soon as Nebraska was reached new troubles confronted the corps in the shape of sand hills and heat. After Alliance for a distance of nearly 200 miles the sand in the roads was eight and ten inches deep. The road was given up and the railroad was used, the men riding as much as possible, but walking the greater part of the time. While in this desolate country there was no good water to drink, and a number of the men were taken sick. After four days of suffering the sand hills were passed.

Trip Was a Success.

The roads across Missouri were bad and billy, and with the exception of a few gravel roads, were the worst on the entire trip. When away from the railroad the people were inhospitable, and no reliable information regarding the roads could be gained. The heat for the last three days of the trip was severe.

The distance covered on the trip was 1,900 miles, the average run per day being 32-23 miles. After leaving the Nebraska sand hills the average was over sixty miles per day. The bikers stood the trip remarkably well, but few accidents of a serious nature having occurred, those that did occur being through carelessness. According to Lieutenant Moss, the trip was a success from a military point.

## LIGHTNING BOLT AND PISTOL BALL.

They Came Together, and Alice Barrett's Life Ended.

SUICIDE OR MURDER?

It Was at First Thought Death Was Caused by the Lightning Stroke.

Boston, Mass., July 25.—During the terrific thunderstorm Saturday a bolt of lightning struck the block at 40 Kilby street. At the same moment a bullet from a revolver ended the life of Alice Barrett, bookkeeper for Codman & Codman, brokers in the same building. Until to-day it was thought Miss Barrett's death was due to lightning. To-day, however, it was discovered that she had been shot. It is supposed that the young woman committed suicide.

When the lightning struck it set the place on fire. The drench quickly extinguished the flames, however, and in doing so found Miss Barrett's body.

A revolver was lying near. This was picked up and given to the Chief of the department, who said nothing about it until to-day. An autopsy on the body showed a wound over the left breast caused by a bullet. Then came the story of the revolver. Later there was found a note in Miss Barrett's handwriting. It partly explained all. Miss Barrett had \$1,000 in a bank; she had drawn out \$900 and had given it to some one to invest for her. The money was lost, according to the letter, which is as follows:

"It is my kindest regret that the \$900 drawn from the Savt Savings Bank is gone beyond redemption. It was invested at a dead loss, and the person who has it, is out of the United States. The only thing received was \$40, interest deposited July 24. It is impossible to recover any thing. An attempt would only involve greater loss. The person who now holds the money is known only to myself. It is my prayer that in the event of my death within six months, my family do not attempt ever to find my debtor. It is useless."

The police are not yet certain whether it is suicide or murder. It may be either.

## LIFE'S CHARMS GONE.

Mrs. Beckenstein Drinks Acid and Dies After a Visit to Her Husband.

None of Mary Beckenstein's neighbors can imagine why she killed herself. They all thought she lived happily with her husband in their rooms at No. 508 West Thirty-eighth street, and Mrs. Cronin, her boarder, was sure that they loved each other dearly.

Charles Beckenstein works in a butcher shop. Yesterday morning his wife called in to see him and chatted with him for a minute or two. Then she returned home with a package of chops in her hand. Soon afterward Mrs. Cronin, who had come in to visit a neighbor, heard a fall in the Beckenstein apartments, and, rushing in, found Mrs. Beckenstein lying on the floor, writhing with pain. Near her was a carbolic acid bottle. She died a few minutes later without replying to her boarder's question as to the motive for her act.

Frank Gerse, a German waiter, living at No. 172 East Fourth street, killed himself by swallowing Paris green in the small hours yesterday morning. His wife awoke to find him breathing his last, and made haste to call the police. But Gerse had died before the arrival of an ambulance. He had been despondent over his ill luck. Mrs. Josephine Dwyer assured her husband yesterday afternoon that he would never see her again. As she made the threat she flounced out of her home at No. 534 Tenth avenue. An hour later a policeman found her lying unconscious in the hallway. She had taken Paris green, but the doctors at Roosevelt Hospital think she will recover.

Charles and Edward Devine, two boys living at No. 407 East Twenty-ninth street, were playing on the pier at the foot of that street yesterday afternoon when they saw a man jump over the side of the ship. The body was recovered by Policeman Kochersberger, of the East Twenty-fifth Street Station, and removed to the Morgue. The woman had evidently committed suicide. She appeared to be about fifty years old, was five feet six inches in height, weighed 115 pounds, had brown hair tinged with gray, and blue eyes.

## AMERICAN IN PRISON.

Secretly Arrested in Havana and Sent to a Penal Settlement Without Communication with the Consul.

Gerona, Isle of Pines, July 20.—

Another instance of a United States citizen being seized and not allowed to communicate with the Consul has occurred. A man who was arrested in Havana by the police here was deported secretly to the penal station here as a political suspect. Though it is impossible to communicate with the prisoner, it is known that he is a man of education and has been singled out on account of his nationality for exceedingly harsh treatment at the hands of Colonel Berthe, the Spaniard in command. It seems probable that there may be other Americans imprisoned here in the same way.

## SHOT FOR PLAYING BALL.

Two Little Chicago Boys Wounded by a Recluse, Who Was Nearly Lynched by a Mob.

Chicago, July 25.—James O'Donnell, who lives the life of a recluse, shot into a crowd of small boys who were playing ball near his home this afternoon. Thomas Good, aged twelve, and Frank Spears, aged eight, colored, were badly wounded. Spears will probably die.

As soon as the shooting became known an angry mob of neighbors surrounded O'Donnell's home, where he had hidden. The timely arrival of a patrol wagon saved his life, but by a narrow margin, as the mob surrounded the wagon and the police were forced to fight to protect their prisoner.

O'Donnell said the boys annoyed him with their noise.

## DRAW THE COLOR LINE.

Preacher Was Hissed Because He Married a White Girl to a Negro.

Milwaukee, July 25.—Rev. George Hirth, pastor of the Trinity Evangelical Church, is in a peck of trouble because he performed the marriage ceremony a few days ago for David P. Reid, a colored man, and a young white girl. The bridal party and the preacher were hissed as they entered the church for the wedding, and since then fully one-third of the congregation has seceded.

Pennsylvania Railroad's 23d Street Station is located at the foot of New York's greatest cross street. Street cars radiate to every quarter of the city. The Pennsylvania Railroad Cab Service, prompt, efficient, cheap, pneumatic-tired, well-lit, capably-driven, delivers the passenger in ten minutes to many of the hotels, is strong and twenty to the others. The cab may be called to hotels or residences—Advt.

## BOY DREAMER KILLED HIMSELF.

Benjamin Simon, Fourteen, Longed to Up-lift Toilers.

BRED IN A TENEMENT.

Inspired at an Early Age to Revolt Against Social Conditions.

HIS FIGHT FOR EDUCATION.

Studied Too Hard in His Tenement Home to Win a College Scholarship.

FAILURE EMBITTERED HIS LIFE.

He Imagined Himself a Traitor to the Socialist Labor Cause and Threw Himself in the River After Writing to His Parents.

A white-faced boy of fourteen, a product of the tenements, killed himself either yesterday or at some time during Saturday night. All his life he had seen men and women around him working night and day for bread, and sometimes not even earning that. He had become possessed of a strenuous desire to be the means of lifting them up. He had worked feverishly to accomplish something that would fit him for the task. His project had failed.

It will be said by some that the brain of the lad, Benjamin Simon, was turned by the pernicious literature of Socialism and the inflammatory utterances of labor agitators, and thus the subject will be dismissed with a shrug. To state the facts fairly and in their proper sequence, the boy had studied hard to win a scholarship for a college education and the reaction produced by unsuccessful efforts to win it, was more interesting as a boy student of sociology, a boy enthusiast, than as a boy suicide, however crude and ill-digested his ideas may have been. For it was what he conceived to be his mission as a regenerator that lay deepest of all in his heart.

## His World Lacked Sunshine.

From infancy his world had been hemmed in by high brick walls. From the time when he was able to crawl to the window he looked into an artificial canyon, in the bottom of which moved a sluggish human stream. The tumult of hucksters crying their miserable wares was his lullaby; the adoring throng at the fair market were more familiar to him than the perfume of flowers. In common with others of his own age, he was a dreamer, a boy who shivered with cold in winter. Hunger was never far off from his neighbors and his own people.

The boy did not accept these things as inevitable. He tried to reason them out. Tenement boys forget how to play very easily. Benjamin Simon was not one of them. He began to scheme. But this boy began to think, instead. He was the youngest of the family. His brothers branched out for themselves. His sisters married. The family was fairly prosperous for the tenements, although Simon, the elder, was often hard pushed for work to turn his hands.

## Great Thoughts for Little Head.

"This is wrong!" he said to his father one day, sweeping his hand comprehensively at the men looking women who were staggering by, laden with great bales of clothing from the sweatshops. "Socialism is all wrong! These people have no right to suffer and starve as they do. I mean to help them get their rights."

Old Simon had never talked before, at times when the narrow streets rang with the outcry of strikers, but he had told in the same way so many years that he had forgotten how to respond to an appeal for revolt.

"How can you help them?" he asked the boy.

"I have it in me to become a leader," replied young Simon. "They need a man of education at their head. I will be that man, and I will lead them to a better life. The old man saw that his boy's eyes were blazing, so he wisely said nothing at the time. He reasoned shrewdly. An education he had, but he was a valuable commercial asset. If little Benjamin could acquire one, well and good. It would equip him to make money—perhaps become a lawyer and have a seat on the stock exchange one day.

## Studied Hard for the Prize.

So Benjamin's studies, instead of being discouraged, were aided upon by his father. True, they did not like him to attend Social meetings, because his eyes always blazed with the same feverish light for days afterward. But the boy had text books on political economy, and while they remained to be mastered, he never strayed from the narrow rooms on the top floor of No. 80 Suffolk street. He had learned all they could teach him at the grammar school and his own seat on winning a scholarship offered by the University of the City of New York.

He just missed the scholarship. The only subject in which he was deficient was drawing. Life became very bitter to him. All his dreams of uplifting the toilers came back to him with a vengeance. The worst state produced by hard study, poor nourishment and the shock of disappointment, he fancied that he was a traitor to a sacred cause. His family did not know how he suffered. They knew that he was white in the face and very weak, and they thought him not to worry over his failure. He joined the Socialist Labor Party and attended all its meetings. From the East Broadway Library he procured books on Socialism and studied them night and day.

The Young Suicide's Letter.

On Saturday afternoon he threw down his books and asked a boy who lived in the tenement to play a game of chess with him. The other boy had something else to do, and the Simon boy went on winning. He went to the library and wrote a letter to his parents—a letter breathing all the hopelessness of his feelings. These things did not cause him to feel hopeless, either. There must have been a great grief between them and the tenements.

Yesterday his body was found in the river.

Here is the letter the boy dreamer left behind him:

Dear Parents:

I notify you that I will commit suicide. The reason is that I had no opportunity to carry out my resolution to study an account of our circumstances. I have but few regrets that will part with the world of such an age. The most important is that I have not held my resolution to agitate among the working men for their emancipation of wage slavery by the overthrow of the capitalist system and for the establishment of the co-operative commonwealth advocated by the Socialist Labor party. I am grieved at the idea that I have left behind me the hand that wrote it will then be cold and still. The resolution to commit suicide, though long delayed, will at last be carried out. I cannot write more, my hand is trembling. Let you feel the hopelessness of request of your son, who is now dead to you and to the whole world, unless you are willing to respond to him. He has no more to say. He is dead.

## Fourteen-Year-Old's Suicide and His Letter Explaining His Act.

Benjamin Simon, a mere boy, born in poverty, hoped some day to aid in establishing a co-operative commonwealth. He took an examination for a scholarship in the New York College and failed. Yesterday his body was found in the North River. He left this letter to his parents at No. 80 Suffolk street.

E Broadway Library  
July 23 1897

My dear parents

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Your son  
Benjamin Simon